

# DWIGHT'S Journal of Music.

A Paper of Art and Literature.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1853.

NO. 21.

## Dwight's Journal of Music,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

TERMS....TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, (IN ADVANCE.)

CITY Subscribers can be served at their houses by the further payment of fifty cents per annum.

For Rates of Advertising, see last page.

POSTAGE, if paid in advance, for any distance within the State, thirteen cents a year; if not in advance, twenty-six cents. At all places beyond the State, double these rates.

J. S. DWIGHT,.....EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

EDWARD L. BALCH, PRINTER.

OFFICE, No. 21 School Street, Boston.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

At the OFFICE of PUBLICATION, 21 School St.

By REDDING & CO., 8 State St.

" GEO. P. REED & CO., 13 Tremont Row.

" A. M. LELAND, Providence, R. I.

" DEXTER & BROTHERS, 43 Ann Street, N. Y.

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[From Hogarth's Memoirs of the Musical Drama.]

### French Opera Composers.

#### II. CHERUBINI.

Cherubini, though an Italian, belongs to the annals of French music. He was born at Florence in 1760. After having acquired considerable reputation by his dramatic works in his own country, he settled at Paris, in the year 1786, at the age of six-and-twenty; and that city, notwithstanding a few short visits to Italy, Germany and England, has been, ever since, his permanent residence. His first French opera was *Demo-phoon*, produced at the theatre of the grand opera (or Académie Royale de Musique) in 1788. The principal operas which he has since produced are *Lodoiska*, *Elisa*, *Medée*, *L'Hotellerie Portugaise*, *Les Deux Journées*, *Anacréon*, *Faniska*, and *Les Abencerages*, the last of which appeared in 1813. The success of these operas, which combine the grace and delicacy of Italian melody with the strength and richness of German instrumentation, contributed greatly to the improvement of the French national taste; and several of them have obtained permanent possession of the stage in various parts of Germany. In England the admirable overtures to *Anacréon*, *Les Deux Journées*, *L'Hotellerie Portugaise*, and *Les Abencerages*, are in constant use at concerts, and known to every amateur of instrumental music.

Notwithstanding, however, the excellence of Cherubini's dramatic works, it is in his sacred music that the greatness of his genius is most fully displayed. His numerous masses, motets, and other compositions for the church, entitle him to a place among the greatest ecclesiastical composers.

Cherubini's intellectual powers, and the dignity of his character, have contributed, as well as the excellence of his works, to the influence which he has long enjoyed in the French musical world; an influence of which the persevering malevolence of Bonaparte was unable to deprive him. Bonaparte had some love for the arts, and affected more. In the early part of his career, and even after he had achieved the rank of chief consul, he admitted several distinguished artists, and Cherubini among others, to a good deal of familiarity with him. One evening, during the performance of one of Cherubini's operas, Bonaparte, who was in the same box with the composer, said to him, "My dear Cherubini, you are certainly an excellent musician, but really your music is so noisy and complicated that I can make nothing of it."—"My dear General," answered the composer, "you are certainly an excellent soldier, but, in regard to music, you must excuse me if I don't think it necessary to adapt my compositions to your comprehension." Bonaparte, with the vindictive littleness which formed a part of his character, never forgave this spirited reply, and during his whole reign withheld his favor from the offending musician. Many years afterwards, on a vacancy occurring in the post of *maestro di capella* to the emperor, Napoleon intimated to Mehul his intention of bestowing the office upon him. Mehul, between whom and Cherubini there subsisted a warm friendship, respectfully intimated his wish that he might be allowed to share the office with his distinguished brother composer. Napoleon, instead of appreciating the generous feeling which prompted this wish, took great offence at it; and saying haughtily, "I want a *maestro di capella* who will make music, and not noise," instantly appointed M. Le Sueur to the office.

Cherubini has been for many years director of the *Conservatoire de Musique*, an institution which owes mainly to his exertions its greatness and efficiency. At the age of seventy-eight he is still active and vigorous, performing his duties with zeal and assiduity, and taking an undiminished interest in everything that relates to the progress of his art. He has recently published an elaborate treatise on harmony and composition, a work of infinite value to the musical student.

[The above was written in 1838, some years before Cherubini's death. To make the Memoir more complete, we take the following from a "Sketch of the Conservatory of Paris," which appeared some time since in the *Musical World and Times*.]

Cherubini's poverty in Paris and the Conservatory was as proverbial as that of the Grecian Aristides. About 1816 or 1817, after his return

from London, where he had been called in 1815, he found himself greatly injured by the political changes which had taken place in the French Government, and he retired from his employment in disgust. After a while it was acknowledged that the Government had dealt wrongly with him, and to make amends, he was appointed Professor of Composition in the Conservatory, and Chapel Master to the King, or rather, to use the term of the time, Director to the King's Music Chapel. But learning that, before he could enter upon the duties of the latter office, his friend Le Sueur would have to be discharged from the directorship of the Music Chapel, in which he had been maintained after the downfall of Napoleon, Cherubini (who at that time was miserably poor) unhesitatingly and peremptorily declined the office, which, he said, was so satisfactorily filled by his friend. All possible means were used to prevail upon him to take the position, but he was unshaken in his resolution. At length it was decided that both Le Sueur and Cherubini should share the charge of the King's music; and, on such terms, Cherubini accepted the office; and both these most honorable artists continued in this employment till 1830, at which time, to the great detriment of the art, the King's Chapel fell with the dynasty, and has never been, and, perhaps, never will be restored.

Cherubini, though warm-hearted, was of a serious and stern disposition. He was never found laughing or even smiling in his intercourse with the pupils. He was always in earnest, and had no time for frivolity. He inflexibly insisted upon the observation of the regulations of "his house," as he called the Conservatory. Every professor, previous to the opening of his class, was obliged to sign a book, called "le registre de presence," in order to show that the members of his class were all present and taught by him. Cherubini never failed to examine daily the register, that he might know whether every one's task had been fulfilled. But he required no more from others than he performed himself; he attended to all the duties of his station with exemplary exactness and promptitude. At ten o'clock in the morning he regularly sat at his bureau, either writing or answering letters, sending orders to the classes, or hearing the professors and pupils, or any other person, who might occasionally call upon him. When he had to despatch a letter, summons, or message of any kind, he rang a little bell which was always near at hand, and a servant, who was always attending at the door of his cabinet, immediately presented himself uncovered, to know what was wanted and to perform what was commanded. When the business of his charge was over, you would find Cherubini copying either the parts of his own score, which was to be performed, or writing out the score of some great master. His wife, on a certain occasion, asked him what profit he could get from such copies:—"Oh!" said he, "there is always some good to be got from them, which remains in one's mind." His favorite employment in moments of leisure,

was drawing and cutting flowers, of which he was exceedingly fond, or classifying plants, for he was very conversant with botany. He was most patient in writing his own scores; if by chance a drop of ink fell on the paper, he immediately took a penknife, cut round the mark, and adapted another piece of paper in the place with such skill that it was impossible to discover the place of the blunder. In consequence of so much care, his scores were so neatly done, that no printing could rival them in clearness and beauty. At twelve o'clock Cherubini left his bureau, and then was engaged in reviewing the classes or other parts of the establishment; at two o'clock he went home, and his day's business was ended.

Cherubini was, *par excellence*, a classical man, not in his works only, but in his tastes, habits, and manners; and when he judged another's productions, he could not rid himself of the influence of the principles which ruled him when writing. This caused him to err on many occasions in the appreciation of modern masters. It will hardly be believed, that such a great man, so well fitted to judge rightly in musical matters, on first witnessing the performance of Beethoven's Symphonies, exclaimed:—"It is impossible to understand all this; it is a mere *decevoir*." I use the French word, and don't know of any synonym in English. He had forgotten the saying of a celebrated French poet:

"Souvent un beau disordre est un effet de l'art."

He changed his opinion afterwards, and became an admirer of the great Symphonist.

Cherubini could not bear the music of Berlioz, —he had the most profound aversion for it. This, perhaps, was also owing to the above-mentioned disposition. Berlioz from the very first time he was brought before the public, evinced the most evident desertion of the classical school. He affected to transfer to music, and especially to the Symphony, a genius which was in fashion in the literature of the time, the *domantisme*. The *domantisme*! which was a heresy in the opinion of Cherubini. Berlioz, though not to be compared with Beethoven, is certainly a man of talent and the first Symphonist in France. One day, Cherubini crossing the yard of the Conservatory, joined a group who were speaking of the performance of Berlioz, which had taken place some days before. Each person, occupying a different point of view, expressed a different opinion. Cherubini listened without uttering a word. At length one of the group remarked that Berlioz was an inveterate enemy to fugue and fugue writers. "Yes," said Cherubini, "Mr. Berlioz hates fugue, but fugue hates him still more,"—every one present laughed heartily at so unexpected a reply, and so did Berlioz himself when he heard it.

Cherubini was endowed with a manly genius; his strain is always broad, round, and soaring heavenward, leaving the earth at an immeasurable distance below. And this manliness of style and freshness of creation did not abandon him even when near to his grave. His second Requiem, which was his last work, ranked among his master-pieces, though composed in the 79th or 80th year of his age. Although his body bent under so great a weight of years, yet his eye was full of fire, his face full of majesty, his forehead full of brightness. It was delightful to contemplate his curled, silver hair, which thickly covered his head, and played beautifully round his ears and temples.

Many statements have been circulated in relation to his second Requiem. It has been said that Cherubini composed it for his obsequies. This is a mistake. The facts, according to the most authentic authorities, are simply these. In France, female singers are excluded from Catholic churches, although they were admitted in the Chapel of the restored Dynasty, because it was considered as a private building with which clerical authorities had nothing to do. It is well known that Cherubini's first Requiem was composed for the funeral of the ill-fated Duc de Berri; and as it was to be performed by the members of the King's Chapel, the soprano parts

were written throughout for first and second soprano, for the performance of which Cherubini availed himself of the female singers attached to the Chapel. This Requiem was pronounced equal to Mozart's Requiem, and everywhere it was crowned with great success. In many instances at the decease of persons of distinction, the performance of Cherubini's Requiem was desired, but not permitted because of the exclusion of female singers from churches. Annoyed by such vexations, Cherubini determined to compose a new Requiem for male voices only, and the result was the second Requiem;—which, indeed, was first performed at the obsequies of the author himself. This composition closed the artistic career of this celebrated master. He departed this life in the 84th year of his age; and his soul rose up to heaven, to keep her seat by the side of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

#### NIGHT ON THE SEA SHORE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEIBEL.

The sea, scarce murmuring, slept in peace,  
Though full of glory, bright as noon,  
Which through the clouds—a silvery fleece,—  
Gushed down from the resplendent moon.  
Melted in blue the distant flood,  
Like jewels glanced the sparkling sand,  
And I, alone, in solemn mood,  
Paced up and down the silent strand.

Oh! what, in such a silent night,  
Will through the human bosom throng,  
Was never felt by day's broad light,  
Was never told in earthly song.  
A breath mysterious seems to creep  
From heaven upon the tranquil air,  
A vision o'er the soul to sweep—  
'Tis half a smile and half a prayer.

Thy spirit, freed from flesh, can trace  
God's way in all below, above,  
And feels through all the realms of space  
The stirring of a boundless love.  
By his cool breath thy tears are dried,  
The thorns all wear a rosy glow,  
And Love, through Life's mysterious tide,  
Dives upward, swan-like, from below.

The heaviest woe thou e'er didst feel  
Smiles back on thee with radiant brow,  
And Death, who breaks thy life's dark seal,  
Is Freedom's herald to thee now.  
Thy look meets his with love and pride,  
While thrills a holy awe through thee,  
As through a bridegroom, whom the bride  
Leads to the blissful mystery.

Enough! enough! forbear, my song!  
The thoughts that in a moonlit night  
Will through a mortal bosom throng,  
No earthly poem may recite.  
They come like breaths of Heaven, that creep  
From Eden's palm groves on the air;  
A wordless vision, clear and deep—  
'Tis half a smile and half a prayer.

NEWPORT, R. I.

C. T. B.

#### The New Tremont Temple.

(From the *Traveller* of Feb. 18th.)

The old Tremont Temple was burned down on the night of March 31st, 1852. Almost immediately the work of removing the ruins and laying the foundations of a new Temple was begun by the Trustees; and this work has been pushed forward with so much energy—an average of 75 hands or more being constantly employed on it—that now a much more spacious and commodious, and internally beautiful building is nearly finished; and it is one that well deserves a particular notice.

The new Temple is an immense structure. With the exception of ten feet by sixty-eight, which is left open on the north side for light, the building covers an area of 94 feet front by 136 feet deep, and is 75 feet high in front. The

walls are of ample thickness and strength, varying in thickness from 36 inches to 16 inches, and in accordance with the most approved method of building, hollow. This ensures greater proportional strength, dry inside walls, a saving in furring and lathing—by admitting of plastering upon the bricks—and greater resonance and adaptation to music in the walls of the large halls. This method obviates, also, to a very considerable extent, all danger of fire spreading as it often does, and did to the destruction of the old Temple, between the plastering and the wall. Wherever in this new building it has been found necessary to use furring and plastering, layers of brick have been placed to cut off all chance of fire spreading between the plastering from one story to another. The floors, too, have a thick coating of mortar between the under and upper courses of boards, as a protection against the spread of fire and to prevent the transmission of sound.

The preparations for warming and ventilating the building are of the best kind. Ventilation is to be secured through outlets in the ceiling, and through openings in the floor which communicate with the hollow walls, and thence open into the outer air through the roof. The entire building is to be heated by steam, which is generated in a boiler below the ground and outside of the main building. From this, heat is carried through passages in the walls to the large halls, and by means of pipes, to the smaller rooms. Coils of pipe are placed, also, at the bottom of the ventilating flues, to quicken the upward currents of air. Cochituate water is introduced into all parts of the building, and the usual conveniences connected with its use are amply provided.

The building, as may be supposed from its immense size, contains most extensive accommodations for both public and private uses. In the first place, there is the principal hall, or Temple, which, with its ante-rooms, closets, stairways, &c. occupies the entire length and breadth of the building; and will have seats for nearly 2500 persons. Next, there is a smaller hall, or Temple, capable of seating from 800 to 1000 persons; and adjacent to this, is a third hall, designed for the private meetings of the church which is to worship in the large hall, and capable of seating some 300 persons. Besides these, there are scores of rooms of various sizes and descriptions, from large and airy ones, suitable for stores and offices, down to mere lumber-rooms and closets; indeed, every inch of room in this vast structure seems to be devoted to some useful purpose.

But, to be more particular, we will describe the building somewhat in detail, though very briefly: On the ground floor, fronting on Tremont street, are two side entrances, and one central entrance to the different parts of the building, of an aggregate width of about 26 feet; and four stores, each about 48 long by 16 wide and 13 high. . . . Back of which, on either side of the central entrance, are two ticket offices, and beyond them a long, narrow hall, 70 feet by 16, which may be divided into two rooms, or used as it now is. In the second story, over the stores and passageways, and accessible by either of the three entrances, is a beautiful and commodious suite of rooms, to be occupied by "The Young Men's Christian Association." . . . These rooms extend entirely across the front of the building, and open upon a balcony which commands the whole length of Tremont street. . . . Back of these, on the same story, are eight large and fine rooms, averaging about 26 feet by 16, well lighted, and furnished with closets and other conveniences, which we believe have been selected by some of the friends of the Baptist Missionary Society as admirably adapted to its use. Over the rooms of the Christian Association, front, there are five rooms of good size, about 25 by 15 feet, suitable for artists; and at the sides, over the stairways, there are six other similar rooms, though not quite so eligible.

All the rooms which have been enumerated are accessible by private entrances and stairways, which can be shut off completely from the public entrance to the halls, and will be when there is occasion.

Having noticed the principal private rooms in the building which are to be rented, we will now pass up one of the wide and easy stairways, to the grand hall, or Temple. This is to be a noble room, finely proportioned, most conveniently arranged, and every way comfortable and attractive, both for speaking and singing, for the performers and hearers. It is 124 feet long, 72 feet wide, and 50 feet high. It has a gallery on three sides of it, but one that projects over the seats only about seven feet; and being entirely supported by trusses, there is nothing to obstruct the view of the platform from any part of the hall. The front gallery, though it projects into the hall only about ten feet, extends back far enough to give it more than three times that depth. The eastern end, or back part of the hall, is occupied by a spacious platform, which connects with the side galleries by a few steps, for the convenience of large choirs. Back of the stage, in a recess, is to be placed a noble organ, one of the largest, if not the very largest ever built in the United States. The Messrs. Hooks are the builders. Below and around the platform are four convenient drawing rooms, for gentlemen and ladies, with all the conveniences that can be desired. The floor of the main hall is to rise from about the centre, so as to afford every person in the hall an unobstructed view of the platform. The galleries are arranged in like manner. The seats on the floor are to be placed in a semi-circular form from the front of the platform, so as to bring every face towards the speaker or singer. The seats, which are all to be numbered, are to be of the most convenient and comfortable kind, each slip capable of containing ten or twelve persons, with an aisle at each end, and open through from end to end. The arrangements for warming, ventilating and lighting this hall are of the best kind. Of the warming and ventilating arrangements we have already spoken. The light by day is to be introduced through twelve immense plates of glass, 10 feet long by 4 feet wide, placed in the ceiling, in the spring of the arch, and open directly to the outer light; and by sixteen smaller ones under the galleries. By night the hall is to be lighted by 28 large burners under glass reflectors, placed at equal distances along the ceiling; and under the galleries by common burners. By this arrangement of burners along the ceiling, which is believed to be entirely new, there will be great economy of light, while all glare on the eyes will be avoided, and by the position of the burners, ventilation will also be promoted.

The access to this hall will probably be chiefly, if not entirely, through the central entrance, as in the old Temple, and through some six doors, which will open to different parts of the hall and galleries. But in emptying the hall, no less than nine passage-ways will be used; all around the hall, at nearly equal distances, of an aggregate width of 50 feet, which will lead to six passage-ways of an aggregate of about 41 feet width, which will empty into three passage-ways on a level with Tremont street, of an aggregate width of 26 feet. Thus much for the large hall.

(Conclusion next week.)

### The Periods of Beethoven's Compositions.

[The veteran, CARL CZERNY, contributes the following to *Cocks's Miscellany*. There may be a question as to the value of his classification of the three Beethoven styles, especially as regards the last of the three.]

Vienna, Dec. 30, 1852.

Herrn ROBERT COCKS, Jun. in London.

Honoured Sir and Friend,—It will certainly be of interest to you to possess a correct list of those of Beethoven's Works composed during the last ten years of his life (that is, during the period of his deafness); the more so, as it will enable you to distinguish them from those which he composed while he was in the possession of perfect hearing; or, at least, before the pains, produced by the disorder in his ear, exerted any influence upon his style of composition. Up to the year 1812, he heard perfectly well; but from that period his hearing became continually weaker.

Complete deafness supervened only in 1816 or 1817, and while in this condition he wrote the following works:

1. Op. 101. Sonata for piano solo in A major.
2. Op. 102. 2 Sonatas for piano and violoncello.
3. Op. 105. 6 easy varied (foreign) Themes for piano and flute.
4. Op. 106. Grand Sonata for piano solo in B $\flat$  major.
5. Op. 107. 10 easy varied (foreign) Themes for piano and flute.
6. Op. 112. "Meeres-Stille und Glückliche Fahrt" (Calm Seas and a prosperous Voyage), Chorus with orchestra.
7. Op. 119. New Bagatelles for piano solo.
8. Op. 120. 33 Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli, for piano solo.
9. Op. 123. 2nd Mass in D major.
10. Op. 126. 6 Bagatelles for piano solo.
11. Op. 127. Violin quartet in E $\flat$ .
12. Op. 130. Violin quartet in B.
13. Op. 131. Violin quartet in C $\sharp$  major.
14. Op. 132. Violin quartet in A minor.
15. Op. 133. Fugue for Violin quartet in B $\flat$  major.
16. Op. 135. Violin quartet in F major.
17. Op. 137. Fugue for Violin quartet in D major.

These 17 works constitute Beethoven's third style, that, videlicet, of the last period of his life.

The five following works, it is true, were completed by Beethoven, and published during the same period; but their conception and origin are decidedly of an earlier period, which may be termed a transition-period.

1. Op. 109. Sonata for piano solo in E major.
2. Op. 110. Sonata for piano solo in A $\flat$  major.
3. Op. 111. Sonata for piano solo in C minor. That these 3 Sonatas were commenced at a much earlier period, is not only evident from the variety of style in the individual phrases, but also from the circumstance that they were written for a small piano of 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  octaves only (as he was in the habit of writing in 1806), while all his last pianoforte compositions are calculated for 6-octave piano-fortes.
4. Op. 124. Festival-Overture in C major (with the fugue).
5. Op. 125. 9th Symphony in D minor. The first three phrases of which were conceived at an earlier period; the Choral-finale during the time of his deafness, and the Theme probably at an earlier period.

The eleven following works, notwithstanding that they were for the most part published during the last ten years of his life, were composed at a time when his hearing was not at all, or but slightly, affected.

1. Op. 113 and 114. "Die Ruinen von Athen," performed in 1812.
2. Op. 115. Overture in C major, in honor of the Namensfeier of the Emperor Franz—composed in 1814.
3. Op. 116. Italian Terzetto (of a former period).
4. Op. 117. King Stephen (about 1812).
5. Op. 118. Elegiac Song (Lied).
6. Op. 121. Sacrificial Song (of a much earlier date).
7. Op. 122. Bundeslied (of a very early period).
8. Op. 128. The Kiss. Arietta (of an earlier date).
9. Op. 129. Rondo à Capriccio for piano solo (composed in the early period of his life).
10. Op. 136. The glorious moment. Cantata, (composed in 1814.)
11. Op. 91. The Battle of Vittoria (composed in 1813).

All the remaining Works, from 1 to 100, as well

as those without Opus No., were composed when his hearing was unimpaired.

It is well known that three varieties of style are observable in Beethoven's writings.

1. The Haydn-Mozart style (till the year 1802, and about as far as Op. 28).
2. The Proper Beethoven Style, in all its original grandeur (from 1803 to 1815).
3. The style which arose out of his deafness, a circumstance so unhappy for the Art (from 1816 to 1826, when he died).

The preceding list shows which works appertain to this last period, and I believe, my dear friend, that it will be the means of removing many erroneous opinions.

With the most friendly esteem,  
I subscribe myself, yours devotedly,  
CARL CZERNY.

A TRIFLE LIGHT AS AIR.—The following is a reprint of a very quaint story, as it appears in the "Melbourne Argus," of the 25th of October, 1851.

Who played the Organ?—Mr. J. Blewitt, who has been always celebrated, from the early age of eleven, for his extemporaneous performance on the organ, on one particular occasion attracted the notice of the celebrated Sam. Wesley, who, after expressing his admiration of the superior style of his performance to some friends near him, and not being able to satisfy himself who the performer was, considered it best to apply to the man who blew the organ. He appeal to this great functionary, and putting the simple question to him of "Who played the organ?" received the following laconic answer:—"I blew it!" Wesley, considering this a great liberty of this mighty puffer, repeated the question of "who played the organ?" when he received the same answer, given with greater pertness. Wesley, indignant at the fellow's seeming rudeness, said: "I do not, sir, doubt your ability as a blow-bellows, but I wish to know (giving an imitation with his fingers, being himself the greatest organist of the day) who played the organ?" The wag still persisted, saying, "This is the third time, sir, I have told you, I blew it; and I will tell you no further." Then putting on his great coat he left the gallery. Wesley, when he got to the door, inquired of some friends—who played the organ? when he was told the name of the performer was J. Blewitt! and seeing the wit of this facetious fellow, turned round and gave him a shilling, saying, "You are the best puffer I ever met with; and no man better qualified to handle such a subject."

GRADATIONS OF THE BAD.—Two vocalists begged of Dr. Arne to determine whether of the twain was the better singer. After hearing them—"You are the worst singer I ever heard in my life," exclaimed the Doctor, to one of the combatants. "Then," cried the other, exultingly, "I win." "No," said Dr. Arne, "You can't sing at all."

RATHER SHEEPISH.—At a concert given a short time ago by the Latter Day Saints, at Llanelly, the proceedings, says the Cambrian, included an imitation, by Brother Ephraim, of the bleating of sheep!

PUNCH, as a musical critic, in which, as in all other capacities, he is transcendent, speaks of "the Crack Composer, Verdi; for it is said he has cracked more voices than any other composer."

The Bassoon, Lazinsky, lately died at Vienna—a worthy but eccentric man, who read books of devotion in the intervals of his performance, and boasted that he never saw even the foot of a danseuse.

The journals of Vienna announce the sale of a music box, which plays twelve pieces, entirely new to the world, composed by Haydn for this very box.



## Letter from a Teacher at the South.

MR. DWIGHT:—In a recent number of the *Journal* was an extract from the New York *Musical World and Times*, entitled "Music in Mississippi," which, with your permission, I wish to notice.

The writer says, "It is distressing to think, that in a rich and beautiful country like this, there is not the least cultivated taste for music," and, "You at the North are mainly responsible for this evil. Numberless young persons from these regions are educated with yours, and such teachers as we have, come from the Northern States always well recommended. Yet, in sixteen years' residence in the interior of the South, I have never seen a tolerably taught musical scholar return from your schools," &c., and "If there be a *monstrum horrendum* to me on earth, it is a *Down East Music Teacher*; especially the *feminines*."

Never having been in Mississippi, I cannot answer for the condition of the musical education there, but if in sixteen years the lady has never found a "tolerably taught" scholar, it seems to me her opportunities for observation must be somewhat limited, or in this respect pupils in Mississippi must be much inferior to those in Georgia. During two years' residence in this State I have found many pupils not only well-taught but full of talent and enthusiasm, who with time and study might compete with the best scholars in New York or Boston. That they do not give this time can hardly be the fault of Northern musicians, I think.

The country is rich and beautiful as a whole, and the people are rich and liberal as a class. They are willing and do spend large sums for the education of their children, and music is considered of the highest importance as—an amusing accomplishment—nothing higher. In nine times out of ten this study is reserved for the last year of school as part of the finishing, nor is this custom confined to the South. The question has been asked me in Boston, as it was asked here not long since, "Can not my child play any easy tune in three months?" or "Do you not think she will learn music enough in one quarter?" Perhaps she would learn enough if she never acquired the gamut. Most parents are entirely ignorant of what they impose upon a child when music is put down as one of the requirements, nor do they know what to expect of a teacher when they take their child for instruction. I have seen scholars, at the North as well as the South, who were expected to master the musical science in half a year; is it the fault of the teacher if they do not send home *artists* at the appointed time? Your Boston professors would not receive a pupil under such circumstances. Teachers in schools cannot choose their scholars.

A lady commenced taking lessons with her little daughter and continued *three months*. "I thought," said she, "by this time I could play several tunes. I cannot play one; but I am most thankful for the knowledge I have gained and shall now know what to expect of my child. Music is indeed a life-long study!" Would that all mothers might take this prefatory lesson! Teachers would find their power vastly increased, and their labor greatly lightened.

Numerous young ladies are sent from the South to the North to school—some for one year, some for two and some for several—be the time long or short they are expected to return proficient. A mechanic produces work according to the orders and materials furnished him. Can a teacher do more? There are delightful exceptions, where parents from experience and observation know the great amount of patience and practice necessary to do anything in music, and begin with their children accordingly. Happy the teacher who meets

with such scholars! I have known girls in New York and Boston, who have studied under the best masters, "do nothing beyond strumming a Waltz or Polka on the piano, or singing a negro melody;" yet in those cities they are surrounded by music all their lives—at home or at school, at church and at play. There is music for the mass as well as the few. That this is a fact, I must deeply regret; but that it is the fault of teachers exclusively, I cannot believe. Whilst "Negro Vocalists," "Ethiopian Serenaders," and low priced third and fourth rate concerts are patronized by cultivated people it would take a legion of teachers to raise the musical taste of all their pupils to a high standard. Here, the early advantages are greatly inferior—their domestic music is made by the Negro. Church music among the Methodists, who are by far the largest denomination, is Congregational singing, after the obsolete, and to many Northerners, unheard of fashion of lining the hymn. With such early preparations girls are sent to school with the expectation that they will return accomplished musicians. The teacher must work them up to a few pieces at least, and half of these songs. With all these disadvantages sometimes the finest talent is developed, a talent and enthusiasm greater than we meet under more fortunate circumstances. The novelty adds to and increases the taste. If these early promises which have been found here do not result in more than a tolerably taught scholar, it may be on account of the limited time girls study. Young ladies are too old to attend school after they are sixteen, and getting "old maids" at eighteen.

The Mississippi lady objects to "Negro Melodies," and certainly as a part of musical education they are about as appropriate as "Mother Goose's Melodies" would be for a reading book in one of your Grammar Schools—they are justly considered too as equivocal proofs of taste. But if they may be allowed anywhere, it is in this section, where the sentiment, language, expression of them is so familiar. Although first published at the North, you there know nothing of the power and pathos given them here. The whites first learn them—the negroes catch the air and words from once hearing, after which woods and fields resound with their strains—the whites catch the expression from these sable minstrels—thus Negro Melodies have an effect here not dreamed of at the North. I have spent an evening of as hearty, if not as high enjoyment, seated in state on the wide piazza, listening to a negro singing his melodies accompanied by his banjo, now grave now gay, as I ever did in Tremont Temple or the Melodeon, and as I expect to in the new Music Hall. When I heard Jenny Lind sing "Home, sweet Home" it caused such an emotion as I never before experienced; it might be *exquisite home-sickness*. "Old Folks at Home," as I hear it shouted from house to house, from the fields and in the vallies, has an effect scarcely inferior. I find myself often humming the chorus and even dream at night,

"Oh, comrades, how my heart grows weary,  
Far from the dear friends at home."

This has little to do with musical education in the main, but much in effect. A thing that speaks so to the heart is hard to be reasoned down. We might teach all the New England songs ever published, and sing with the expression that none but a Northerner thus far from home can feel, "I love, I love the snow," without the effect that one of these simple melodies has. These are by no means part and parcel of the lessons taught, although they will be learned. I have heard "Songs without Words," "Wedding March," "Invitation à la Valse," &c., &c., given with as much truth and earnestness here as I ever heard from a learner in Boston. Many little fingers are improving in

skill as well as delighting little heads with the sweet melodies from "Schumann's Album," number first. These may seem the A B C part to you, but can one do better than begin, in Boston? Beethoven's Sonatas are not entirely unknown here, but I confess they are by no means daily companions.

It is greatly to be regretted, I think, that teachers of such inferior stamp only should be found in Mississippi as to give the Lady Correspondent so much disgust for the class. Would it not be well to send some real Professors as missionaries musical to that land, for the benefit of the rising generation and to raise the reputation of the fraternity at home.

Respectfully yours,

"A DOWN EAST MUSIC TEACHER."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## From my Diary. No. XVIII.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13. I see Eisfeldt is to give us one of Onslow's works at his next Soirée. This is a name little if at all known in this country, though known very favorably in Europe. Onslow, the grandson of an English Earl of the same name, was, according to an English authority, born at Clermont in Aumorgre in 1784, where his father, who had married a French lady, and preferred continental to English life, then resided. The family is said to be nearly connected with the Onslows of North Carolina. George studied the piano-forte at Hamburg with Dussek, and afterward at London with Cramer. At the age of twenty-three he turned his attention to composition and became a pupil of Reicha, Professor of the Conservatory at Paris. He spent afterwards some years at Vienna during the lifetime of Beethoven and formed his style of chamber compositions upon his. He then returned to France, purchased an estate at Clermont, married a Rouen lady, and, being rich, devoted himself to music, spending his winters mostly in Paris. He ranks very high; perhaps, in chamber music, at the head of living composers, for I suppose him still to be living.

He has written two (perhaps more) operas, the *Alcaide de la Vega* and the *Calporteur*, both very successful, the latter especially so. Among his published works are 15 quartets, and 10 quintets, for stringed instruments, 1 sextet for piano with accompaniment for wind instruments and contrabasso, and many trios, sonatas, &c. The one to be performed by Eisfeldt is no doubt a recent one, as it is numbered Op. 50.

Feb. 14th. Everybody who knows anything about Haydn, knows that on the death of his patron, he, being then for the first time free, was invited over to London by John Peter Salomon, where he composed his best symphonies, those indeed in which he comes the nearest to the three or four of those great works of Mozart which are only surpassed by Beethoven. This Salomon belonged to a family in Bonn, where he was born in 1746. He early joined the orchestra of the Elector of Cologne, and used to play from the same book with old Ries, father of the pupil of Beethoven. Salomon left Bonn, when the boy Ludwig was but eleven years old, but of course carried with him a knowledge of the wondrous child who even then was famous for playing the difficult studies of Bach. Time passed on. Salomon settled in London and established there the concerts for which Haydn composed. These and others he continued down to 1813, when the Philharmonic Society was formed. During this time his young townsman had been in Vienna, gradually gaining the name of the greatest of composers. And now comes the anecdote which I have in mind—perhaps old, but none the less appropriate just now.

Some of the members of the new Society were desirous of trying the last Symphony of the Vienna genius, which had just reached England. But it was the composition of a deaf man, and outraged all previous notions of symphonic composition. The first was acknowledged by all to be lovely—just like Haydn and Mozart; the second original and wayward, but excellent; the third immensely long and the first two parts good, the second part—Dead March—overwhelmingly grand, though too long; the fourth a perfect specimen of a Symphony; but this one in C minor—this would never do! Salomon thought the

idea of bringing it out "mad and impracticable," and was only induced by the earnest entreaty of a friend whom he much valued, to consent to lead it at a rehearsal, by way of giving it a trial. The parts were distributed. Salomon, with many misgivings, took the bâton, gave the signal, and the band plunged into that extraordinary movement so singularly constructed of four notes. Nothing was ever heard like it. The movement was about one third played when the conductor could no longer contain himself. He stopped suddenly and exclaimed, "This is the finest composition of Beethoven that I ever heard!"

## Fine Arts.

### Massachusetts Academy of Fine Arts.

#### SECOND ARTICLE.

We called attention last week to some of the pictures by the New York artists, but had not space to notice all. Let us now continue the inspection of more of the gems of this our little pet gallery—for it has become a pet and the favorite resort of all our true amateurs of Art.

G. A. BAKER stands deservedly very high in the estimation of his brother artists, as well as in the public eye. His clear and delicate coloring, uniting tone and richness of tinting with careful drawing, has won him great admiration for his portraits. In his picture, No. 60, entitled "Summer Hours," we see his capabilities for something more than mere portraiture. He has proved that he has sometimes leisure to dream—that although he, like most artists, is obliged to come in rude contact with the world and its realities, yet he can at will call up bright visions of the beautiful, chasing away gloomy clouds and substituting an atmosphere *coulour de rose*. Here is a day-dream snatched from oblivion and set down in glowing colors. A true bit of poetic inspiration. It represents a golden summer's afternoon—bright and glorious with sunshine. A party of youthful maidens are roaming through the greenwood, decorating themselves with flowers, or reposing under the thick foliage. Their faces are lighted with happiness and flushed with pleasure.

It is a most pleasing picture—full of rich, varied color, and painted with a generous pallet. Let us hope that the artist may dream again and that another glimpse may brighten on his canvas.

J. F. CROPSEY is known as one of the foremost landscape artists of New York. He has sent us (since your notice of the opening) a large canvas, with "Recollections of Italy" as its title. This is in many respects a most excellent work of art, although we cannot give it our unqualified admiration—judging by a high standard. The composition is fine; the arrangement of lines without reproach, and the ideas conveyed are of a strong poetic cast, though hackneyed. Some portions of the picture are executed with a masterly hand and win the admiration of many who are carried away by the dangerous allurements of manner. How prone is the artist to be charmed and led astray by this desire to throw colors dexterously and freely upon his canvas, even to the sacrifice of his general ideas! This is the fault we recognize in this work. There is too much show of paint. We can pick out beautiful passages, glowing bits and tints throughout the picture. But there is to our mind a want of breadth and general effect and of that harmony of the whole so necessary to repose and quiet poetic beauty. In Boston, those who have not travelled have formed their ideal upon the works of Allston and some few good specimens of the old masters. This has chastened the public taste and opened our eyes in a measure to the defects of false brilliancy of color and crudeness of every kind. 'T is true that this feeling has been

carried too far, so that nothing but brown and yellow tones, dusky with smoke and age, have a good chance of admiration. And with some even it has almost become a fashion to decry the delicate and beautiful creations of Allston.

GIFFORD has sent us two small pictures. His name has been heretofore unknown to us, but these specimens of his talent augur much for his future eminence. No. 41, "View near the Hudson," is particularly charming. There is a naïveté, a natural freshness of color in it which must strike every one. There is no exaggeration of color here—no straining for effect. The water is transparent and clear, with its long, dancing reflections of foliage and bright sails. If there is a criticism we would make, it is that there is too great a prevalence of green in this picture.

We have also two landscapes by CRANCH, with whose pictures we are quite familiar. These are two of his most agreeable efforts. No. 52, "View of Egg Rock," Nahant, is quite truthful. He has given the sea-beaten rock its peculiar characteristics, and the water is freely and freshly painted. No. 62, "The Indian Retreat," is well composed and the idea well rendered. The sky and extreme distance possess a charming grey, aerial tint. But in truth we are bound to say that the rocks and trees of the foreground strike us as being too crude and cold, and wanting in delicacy and harmony of color.

There are others of the New York artists whom we have not yet mentioned. We hope soon to have an opportunity. C.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 26, 1853.

### RICHARD WAGNER.

#### THIRD ARTICLE.\*

We attempted some time since to give our readers an outline of this modern Gluck's new theory of Operatic composition, as developed in the three volumes of his book, entitled "Opera and Drama." We have already stated his fundamental criticism upon the Opera as hitherto existing: to wit, that the mistake has lain in the endeavor to construct it on the basis of absolute music, making music the end instead of the means; whereas the only true lyric drama, hitherto never realized, can spring only from the marriage of poetry and music. In his own operas, his *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, he thinks to have emancipated the poet from that completely menial relation in which he has stood to the musician, merely furnishing the latter with some slight verbal text for the forms in which he chooses to compose, as recitative, arias, *ensembles*, chorus, ballet, &c.—and thus producing texts or libretti of the most empty, trivial character. Here is a double slavery; the composer cuts his music to the fashionable patterns required by the singers for the display of their voices and *tours de force*; while the poet writes to order for the composer. In the drama according to Wagner, the music is nothing but the art of expressing the thoughts furnished by the poem.

His whole thinking on the subject seems to have fallen under the control of an ingenious simile. He makes Poetry the masculine and Music the feminine element of expression. He denies to Music any power of independent production; and considers all the efforts of absolute, or pure instrumental, music as doomed to ever-

lasting impotence, as so much barren yearning for delivery. This he thinks to be the characteristic of all our modern instrumental music, in symphony, and overture and chamber music. Instrumental music exhausts itself in a vain struggle after definite expression. In confirmation of which criticism, he points to the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, the *genius par excellence* and last word of instrumental music. After striving in vain for utterance through the orchestra, until the instruments themselves do all but speak in human recitative, he suddenly bursts its bonds and calls in words, the "Hymn to Joy" of Schiller. And that bold act, thinks Wagner, marks the transition from the music of the past to the music of the future, from music pure, and barren, to music in its true and fruitful function as co-factor with Poetry in the living and perfect Drama. Music, according to him, can only bear, it cannot generate; the generating power is extraneous to it and resides only in the poet.

We perhaps wrong his thought in this bold statement, divesting it of all that wealth of ingenious and happy illustration with which he develops it. But we believe we give the kernel of the thought. Richard Wagner is himself both poet and musician, alike an adept at both arts; he has carefully prepared his own librettos; and it must be a satisfaction for once to have librettos which, when only read, amount to real poems. His practice, too, in this double character of poet-composer, may be better than his theory. *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* may be works of genius;—genius enough to save them from the consequences of the worst preconceived theory of composition. But we must say, this theory hardly chimes with musical experience. We do not think that any true music-lover, who has had personal experience of the power with which Beethoven's symphonies address the deeper instincts of the soul, would willingly exchange them for any amount of the best poetry skilfully set to Recitative. We do not think it will be owned, by true music-lovers, that instruments have failed, in those instances, to convey some meaning; that those Adagios and Scherzos are not *bonâ fide* live creations, real deliveries of divine brain-children, or that they convey to you no adequate expression of the tone-artist's inmost life and purpose. Nor is it at all true to history that instrumental or pure music exhausts itself in a vain effort and is on the decline. On the contrary, the age runs into instrumental music; no music has such power over a community at all musically cultivated, as that in the grand orchestral forms; and it is matter of almost universal experience, that as we grow more musical the love for instrumental music outgrows and outlives the love for vocal. Music may correspond to the feminine principle:—so far we do not quarrel with Wagner's analogy. But what is the feminine principle in the soul? It is Feeling, Sentiment, as contrasted with the colder masculine principle of Intellect or Reason. Words are the language of the intellect, tones are the language of the heart. Love and Wisdom, (no one disputes the axiom of the Swedish seer in this) are the feminine and masculine principle in the universe. But Love is first, before and deeper than Wisdom. And so the poet says:

"Thought is deeper than all speech,  
Feeling deeper than all thought," &c.

It is this Feeling, this *something deeper* in us than words can utter, or than can ever take the

\* See Nos. IX. and X. of this volume (Dec. 4 and 11.)



definite forms of thought, that seeks its utterance in music, as its only natural language. It is this that necessitates the art of music in the life of man. The symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven never had existed but for these experiences in human souls of something deeper, finer, more essential than words were ever framed to utter. Vague are they? But the very definiteness of words perverts their sense and puts their heavenly influence to flight. Why do our deeper moods love silence? Music is but the audible breath of such full silence. Hence there may be, there should be profound moral and spiritual culture in listening sympathetically to great instrumental music. You want no words; you do not ask a literal meaning; you enter into the spirit of it, which is somehow wondrously in harmony with deeper depths than you were perhaps aware of in your spirit. No, Herr Wagner! the great tone-poet does not need the word-poet to impregnate his creative genius, or to furnish him the wherewithal to express himself. Pure music is a very subtle, perfect medium of expression. Its fluid, universal language conveys the deep and universal sentiments, the sense of the Infinite, the spiritual part of us, in which we are all most deeply related to one another and to the source of all, as words with their limitations and distinctions never can do. No human being, not even Coleridge or Goethe, or Shakespeare, lives more fully revealed, expressed, communicated to mankind, than Beethoven, the meaning of whose life and character flowed almost wholly into instrumental music. Those symphonies may not be rendered into words; yet who that loves them deeply does not feel that he *knows* Beethoven? Dumb otherwise, as he was deaf, almost, yet what great soul has succeeded better in making himself understood? And should the Choral Symphony become universally recognized the greatest, will that be at the expense of the other Symphonies? shall we love the Fifth and the Seventh and the "Pastoral" less, that we love the last one more? Did the orchestra in that one outburst into human speech yield up its soul forever, and pronounce pure instrumental music henceforth obsolete? The musical genius of mankind says no; it plunges more and more deeply into the mysteries of instrumental music, because it has more to utter than words and voices can convey. It remains to see whether the zest of symphonies and overtures and quartets will sicken under the new charm of the interminable Wagner recitative, shaped to the mould of cunningly contrived alliterative verses, borrowing from them its only melody or rhythm, and for modulation knowing no key-note, but swimming ambiguously in all keys at once.

But we anticipate. We must see how Wagner theoretically arrives at and justifies these peculiarities of style, or rather of musical structure. The generative power of the poet, he says, manifests itself chiefly in the formation of melodies. Not that he supplies the melodies ready made to the musician's hand. He says repeatedly, to be sure, that the melody is already implied in the versification of the poem; but then he explains this to mean that the poet in his verse gives the musician the fructifying seeds; "the fruit is matured and moulded by the musician according to his own individual means." "The risings and fallings of the melody must conform to the risings and fallings of the verse; the musical time or measure is governed by the expression designed by the poet; and the musical modulation brings out as clearly as possible the bond of relationship between the single tones or keys of feeling, which the poet could only indicate to a limited extent

by means of *alliteration*." As an instance of a melody thus springing immediately out of the word-verse, he cites the manner in which Beethoven in his Ninth Symphony has set the words: *Seid umschlungen, Millionen*, &c. ("Mingle in embrace, ye millions"). In *Lohengrin* all the melodies are made upon this principle.

Wagner proclaims a sort of revolution in the sphere of Modulation. Hitherto it has been supposed essential to any unity in a piece of music, that all its harmonies should pivot as it were upon one prevailing key; that the deviations therefrom should keep as much as possible within the *next* related keys, as those of the Dominant and Subdominant, Relative Major or Minor, and so forth; and that, however excursive or centrifugal the movement everything in it should still gravitate back to the central key-note and starting-point. A certain family affinity of keys, with only exceptional intermarriages of now and then a branch into a remoter race, has been an essential law of all good music. Wagner throws down the barriers of this patriarchal system of modulation, as he calls it. He wants the whole range of keys; these are to the musician what the vowels and consonants are to the poet, who intimates affinities and contrasts of feelings by alliteration; and the musician has to show the ground-relationship of all the keys of feeling. Thus Wagner makes a formal declaration of independence against the patriarchal regime: "All keys are equal, and essentially related; the privileges of tone-families are abolished." In his *Lohengrin* he has practiced accordingly. All who have heard that opera, admit that "he has fully succeeded in abolishing all individuality of keys;—F sharp minor sounds like G minor, and G minor like C sharp minor; he carries you from D major to G major, through A flat minor; the mixture of the tri-chords of B flat, G flat and A is a very common modulation with him; in short he actually allows us to hear nothing but the monotonous "ground-relationship of all the keys."

A striving towards a similar result is truly said to characterize the music of our time. Composers like Schubert, Chopin, Schumann and Robert Franz seem to chafe against the limits of our diatonic scale and the modulation it prescribes; they blend the different keys together, as if to make out one more rich and universal. But Wagner was the first to raise this to a principle. Having to bridge his way so often in the shortest manner from one to another of all twenty-four keys, he naturally has recourse to perpetual employment of the chord of the *diminished seventh*, which is the transitional element *par excellence* in harmony, binding the most heterogeneous keys together. *Lohengrin* is full of Diminished Sevenths, accompanying the recitative; indeed it is said there is a scene in it, occupying sixteen pages in the piano-forte arrangement, where you hear absolutely nothing but diminished sevenths. It must be like tossing on the restless sea of harmony without course or compass.

But instead of any preconceived judgment of our own, we mean soon to give the report of an intelligent hearer, which we find in the shape of a letter from no less a person than the composer, Robert Franz. Meanwhile another brief article shall conclude our outline.

### Concerts of the Past Week.

THE CONCERTS of the past week must be despatched very briefly.

The GERMANIA SOCIETY had a full, but not as overfull a house as usual on Saturday. And yet, strange to say, the programme was of the kind called *popular*. It contained no Symphony,—unless that piano-forte Concerto by Litolff can be so called;—a work entirely in the brilliant, modern style, and in which JAEHL displayed such mastery of terrific difficulties, as disposes us to ask incredulously: "What more, O Gottschalk! and O all ye other virtuosos!" The work itself we liked better than at first hearing. If the theme of the first movement (*Maestoso*) was whimsical and empty, it was so strongly and triumphantly put through, with such scientific force of logic and telling richness of instrumentation, as to excite a pleasing wonder. The *fiddle-de-dee*, fiffing little

tune in the Scherzo, it seems, is a Dutch national air; and there is another of more majesty in the finale; for the work was composed for a festival in honor of the king of Belgium. The overture to *Meeressille*, &c. (Calm seas and prosperous voyage) by Mendelssohn, was a most graphic and delightful musical water-scape. Bennett's overture: "The Wood Nymph," made all smile by its devout reflection of the style of Mendelssohn; it is graceful, delicate music, but too long for its amount of original matter. Miss LEHMANN was not in her best state, yet she gave a tragic force to *Ah, mon fils*, and was encored in *Erani, inelami*. Little CAMILLA, smiling under her wreath, played charmingly as ever.

The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY give an *extra* concert to-morrow evening, repeating the programme of last Sunday. Then they had the Music Hall packed full of hearers. The selections from the "Messiah," including the delicious pastoral symphony, the recitative "There were Shepherds," given in Miss STONE's noblest tones, the high, crystal-ringing angel chorus, the air "Come unto him," sweetly sung by Miss WESTWORTH, "We all like Sheep" and (the crowning glory of the evening) the "Hallelujah Chorus," were eminently satisfactory. Beethoven's "Engeli," lacking not its peculiar traits of power and beauty, seemed, coming after Handel, like music of another age and sphere.

The audience encroached upon the stage and mingled almost with the chorus. Whether this restrained the timid ones or screened the lazy, we know not; but it did seem frequently that the *soprani* of the chorus lacked mass and breadth, and as if their part was chiefly done by some half a dozen telling voices. If the singers will not, all sing, choral effects of light and shade, *crescendo*, &c. are quite impossible. We learn, however, that the extracts from the "Messiah" were given without rehearsal.

### Musical Intelligence.

#### Local.

MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY. . . . The Afternoon Rehearsal of this week is postponed to Tuesday next. The last was made extremely interesting by the Seventh Symphony, and other good things.

The GERMANIANS have an Extra Rehearsal this afternoon.—(See card.)

OTTO DRESEL's Concert, too, is announced with that welcome, melancholy adjective, "the last." Well, the summer is but a brief episode in our northern year; but it blooms all the year round in the memory and in our lives if we enjoy it *truly*. Mr. D.'s programme, for Wednesday, is a very rich one. The Concerto of Bach and the Septuor of Hummel, and his own Trio, will all be objects of fresh interest.

No arguments are needed to turn all our music-lovers to the farewell Concert of Miss LEHMANN this evening. The bare possibility that it may be the last hearing of a singer, in whom we have all become so deeply interested, makes it an opportunity by no means to be foregone.

Don't forget the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, next Thursday night. Their programme, too, is of the choicest.

NEWBURYPORT. . . . The "GERMANIANS," with CAMILLA UNISO, will enchant our friends at Newburyport on Monday with one of their choice programmes. This Concert is the last of six, got up by subscription under the able direction of Messrs. R. E. Mosely and E. Griffin. We congratulate our "Down East" neighbors on the musical progress evinced by this willingness to sustain six such instrumental performances in one season.

NEW YORK.—Madame SONTAG has been delighting crowded audiences this week with *La Sonnambula* and *Don Pasquale*; but she will soon leave off, at the height of her popularity, to return "when June makes Castle Garden attractive, and the Crystal Palace fills the city with strangers." Yet we hear of her designing to fill a portion of the interim with the *Lent-en* entertainment of a few concerts, with the aid of Salvi, Badiali, &c.

GOTTSCALK's second concert seems to have produced about the same impressions upon different kinds of hearers as his first. The *Home Journal* finds the same difference between his playing and that of the other eminent pianists who have visited us that there is "between rhetoric and eloquence, between speech and song, between prose and poetry." We think we have heard some pianists, who could not be set down as mere rhetoricians. He does not come to Boston at present, but revisits first his home in New Orleans, giving a concert on the wing at Philadelphia.

PAUL JULLIEN's benefit concert, on the evening of Washington's Birthday, filled the Metropolitan Hall to overflowing. Sontag and her troupe volunteered their aid, and the little genius was as fascinating as ever with

his violin. He closed with an original fantasia in honor of the Father of our Country, introducing national airs. We hear he has engagements in Europe.

Meanwhile another girl prodigy of the violin, a protégée of Sontag's, aged 12, and a Venetian, who has excited enthusiasm in Italy, Germany and St. Petersburg, was about to sail, it is said, from Venice, in season to reach New York by the first of April. Her name is **MARITTA SERATO**.

A Complimentary Concert is to be given on the 1st of March to Mr. Wm. H. Fry, on the largest scale, by the societies and artists who performed the illustrations in his recent course of lectures, and with the hope, it is said, of making good his loss (four thousand dollars) by that liberal enterprise.

**MAX MARETEK**, with his troupe, Salvi, Marini, Steffanone, Bertucca, &c., have returned from a successful operatic tour in Mexico.

The *Home Journal* says: Including Madame Alboni's performances and those of the Bishop and Thillon troupes, we have had about sixty opera nights and seventy grand concerts this season, nearly all of which have been well attended. New York has spent not less than a quarter of a million for its winter music—probably a much greater sum.

### London

**CHAMBER CONCERTS.** The busy *impresario* in this sphere, which Englishmen do greatly affect, Mr. ELLA, resumed his "Musical Winter Evenings" at Willis's rooms, on the 5th. **CHARLES HALLE**, fresh from his own most successful series in Manchester was the pianist. The other executants were Molque, Melon, Goffri, Webb and Piatti. The programme included Mozart's Quartet in D, No. 10; Beethoven's Sonata with the *Maria Fanebre*; Mendelssohn's Quintet in A; Schubert's Trio in E flat, Op. 100; and piano solos. For the remaining concerts Mlle. Clauss and Pauer were engaged.

Herr **JANSA** announces "Six Soirées Musicales," at the New Beethoven Rooms. Compositions of the masters and several new works of his own, with the aid of F. Hennen (violin), C. Goffrie (tenor), and W. F. Reed (violin alto) are promised.

**M. ALEXANDRE BILLET** commenced his fourth season of "Classical Piano-forte Music," on the 19th.

"Among the artists already engaged we perceive the names of Messrs. Sainton, Molique, Jansa, Goffrie, W. F. Reed, Piatti, Bottesini, Lutgen, Clinton, Barrett, and Jarrett, as instrumentalists; and the Misses Dolby and Poole, and Madame Macfarren, as vocalists.

M. Alexandre Billet presents his subscribers, on the opening night, among other choice *morceaux*, with Mendelssohn's quartet in F minor, for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello; the same composer's "Characteristic Stücke," No. 4, in A major, and the "Presto Scherzando, in F sharp minor; and Beethoven's grand trio, in E flat, for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello."

Mr. **LINDSAY SLOPER**'s "First Soirée of Chamber Music" (Fifth Season) took place Feb. 10th. He was assisted by Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam and the Misses Dolby; Herren Pauer and Jansa, M. Rousselot and Sig. Biletta.

Mr. **STERNDALÉ BENNETT**'s "Classical Soirées" began on the 1st of February. Mr. Bennett was the first to institute this delightful species of entertainment in England. Being the best pianist and composer whom that country has produced, he is able to bring forward works of his own that contrast not too unfavorably with those of the great masters which enrich his programmes. Although he has not of late years written as much as was expected from his early career (when he composed the overtures to *Naiades* and *Waldynphe*, in which he has so caught the trick of Mendelssohn, or rather suffered it to catch him,) he has yet maintained his eminence among the many rivals in the business of Chamber Concerts. On Tuesday he played Mendelssohn's first sonata-duo, for piano and 'cello, with Sig. Piatti; Beethoven's Trio in E flat, with Sainton and Piatti, and Sonata-duo, in C minor, with Sainton; also three of his own piano pieces: a study in E, from his first book of "*Capricci en forme d'Etudes*," a Scherzo in E minor, and *Allegro-Grazioso* in A; also some of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. Mrs. Endersson sang "the most beautiful of all the vocal compositions for the chamber, of Beethoven," the *Liederkreis* (circle of songs) and a plaintive romance by Mendelssohn, "Waiting."

**MADAME PLEYEL**, on her way to the provinces, gave a fashionable concert at Hanover Square Rooms, Jan. 31st. The *Musical World* speaks thus of the pieces in which she took part:

"In the quartet of Mendelssohn (that in B minor—the

most splendid and elaborate of the three) Madame Pleyel was powerfully supported by M. Sainton, Mr. Clementi, and Signor Piatti. The time at which she takes the first Allegro, Scherzo, and Finale, though in strict conformity with the composer's directions, and with his own manner of performing them, would be perilous in any but a pianist of extraordinary mechanical endowments; but with such unflinching powers of execution as are the gift of Madame Pleyel there can never be any doubt as to the result. It would be literally impossible to play the singularly original Scherzo with more vigor, distinctness and rapidity. The *finale*, with its spirited and well-developed *coda*, was equally noticeable for the uncompromising speed with which it was given, and the art with which the accomplished pianist contrived at the same time to introduce the most delicate *nuances*, and the happiest contrasts, wherever indicated by the composer, whose own unrivalled command of the instrument led him, on more than one occasion, to be almost unmerciful in taxing the resources of performers. The Sonata of Beethoven (in F)—one of the most melodious inspirations of its author—was played with equal grace and spirit. This has always been a favorite with Madame Pleyel, who has never been more efficiently supported in the violin part than by M. Sainton, a thorough Beethovenist in feeling, besides being a violinist of the first class.

In the execution of the brilliant fantasias of the "ultra-modern" school, Madame Pleyel has no superior, and in some respects no equal. To praise her performance of the "Paineurs," from the *Prophète*—one of the most extravagant, and, at the same time, it must be admitted, one of the most effective and brilliant of Liszt's transcriptions, would be superfluous. Of Thalberg's fantasia, Madame Pleyel only gave a fragment, beginning from the theme of the popular serenade, "Come e Gentil." The *Tarentelle* of Rossini, another of Liszt's happy arrangements, owes, like the "Paineurs," most of its popularity to Madame Pleyel, to whose light and supple fingers it is well adapted. This well-known morceau, dashed off with impetuous and unparalleled rapidity, brought the concert to a close, amid enthusiastic applause."

**NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.** M. Berlioz having retired, Herr Lindpaintner, the composer, and Kapelmeister to the king of Wurtemberg, will arrive in London about the first of March, to conduct the first four concerts.

THE **PURCELL CLUB**, established to do honor to the most illustrious of English musicians, held its anniversary meeting Feb. 1st, at the Albion. The chair was filled by Prof. Taylor, of Gresham College, the founder and president of the club; there was a full attendance of members, distinguished musicians and *dilettanti*.

The musical entertainments of the evening consisted, as usual, of a selection of sacred and secular music composed by "the mighty master." Three of his finest anthems were performed—"O praise God," "O God, thou hast cast us out," and "Thy word is a lantern,"—in a manner which showed his transcendent genius as a sacred composer. The anthems had been carefully rehearsed, and the effect of their performance was wonderful. We do not think that any composer, from Handel to Beethoven, has produced anything more rich in harmony, more powerful in expression, or more sublime in effect, than the concluding chorus of the anthem, "O God, thou hast cast us out."

The secular portion of the entertainment consisted of the "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day." Dryden's Ode to St. Cecilia's Day is familiar to every schoolboy; and yet there are not many people who know anything about the patron saint of music, or of the observances paid to her in England in "the olden time." We extract, therefore, from the books of the Purcell Club the account of the festival in honor of St. Cecilia, given in a periodical of the year 1692:

"The 22nd of November, being St. Cecilia's Day, is observed through all Europe by the lovers of music. On that day, or the next when it falls on a Sunday, most of the lovers of music, whereof many are persons of the first rank, meet at Stationers' Hall in London, not through a principle of superstition, but to propagate the advancement of that divine science. A splendid entertainment is provided, and before it is always a performance of music by the best voices and hands in town; the words, which are always in the patroness's praise, are set by some of the greatest masters in town. Six stewards are chosen for each successive year. This feast is one of the gentlest in the world; there are no formalities nor gatherings like at others, and the appearance there is always very splendid. While the company is at table the hautboys and trumpets play successively."

The annual celebrations of the Feast of St. Cecilia took place in Stationers' Hall from the year 1683 to 1903. There was always an ode, written by the most popular poet, and composed by the most popular musician of the day. Among the poets we find the names of Dryden, Shadwell, D'Urfey, and Congreve; and, among the composers, Purcell, Draghi, Clarke, Blow, and Eccles—all men of eminence. Pope afterwards wrote an ode for St. Cecilia's Day; but Pope had neither taste nor ear for music, and wrote merely because Dryden had written before him; and we are not aware that anybody ever set his poem to music.

The Ode of 1692, written by Brady, the well-known versifier of the Psalms, with Purcell's music, performed last night, is, in so far as the music is concerned, a most magnificent work. Its melodies are still (and, we believe,

will always be) fresh and beautiful; and, in the choral passages, there is a masterly construction with a greatness of effect, which, down to the present day, has never been surpassed. So much for the musical portion of this interesting meeting.

It appears that the Purcell Club is in a most prosperous condition.—*Daily News*, Feb. 2.

**MADRIGAL SOCIETY.** The 112th anniversary festival of this great and time-honored society was held last evening at Freemasons' Hall. About a hundred members and visitors sat down to dinner, the chair being occupied by Lord Saltoun, the president of the society, whose cheerful urbanity enhanced the pleasure of the evening. A selection of masterpieces of the 16th and 17th centuries were sung in the usual manner, the time being given by Mr. King, the conductor, and nearly the whole company, arranged according to their respective voices, joining in the harmony. The whole of the first part of the performance was stated to be "from a rare set of books recently discovered, written about the year 1610." These pieces are anonymous; but they are believed to be by some of the greatest masters of the time. They have been published, in score, by Mr. Oliphant, the Society's secretary, to whom the public is so much indebted for his labors in this branch of the art. Besides them, a number of fine madrigals, by Willbye, Luca Marenzio, Cavendish, Weekes, and other old masters, were sung.—*News*, Jan. 21.

## Advertisements.

### EXTRA PUBLIC REHEARSAL, BY THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY, On Saturday Afternoon, February 26, at 3 o'clock, AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

The very unfavorable weather on the last two Wednesdays having prevented a great many from using their Wednesday Tickets, we have, for the purpose of enabling our patrons to deliver their Tickets, announced the above Rehearsal, and will admit the Wednesday Tickets.

In answer to the many inquiries, we would state that we shall remain in Boston until the commencement of April, and give Public Rehearsals as usual.

Packages of Eight Tickets, \$1: Single Tickets, 25 cents, at the usual places.

### MLLE. CAROLINE LEHMANN

Begs to announce that her LAST CONCERT IN BOSTON will take place

On Saturday Evening, Feb. 26,  
AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

ASSISTED BY  
Mlle. CAMILLA URSO,  
ALFRED JAEHL,  
OTTO DRESEL, and the

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY,  
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF CARL BERGMANN.

### PROGRAMME.

#### Part I.

1. Jubel Overture, ..... Weber.  
By the GERMANIA SOCIETY.
2. Recitative and Air, from *Fidelio*, ..... Beethoven.  
Sung by Mlle. LEHMANN.
3. Piano Forte Duet, ..... Moscheles.  
Executed by ALFRED JAEHL and OTTO DRESEL.
4. Aria, "But the Lord is mindful of his own," from  
St. Paul, ..... Mendelssohn.  
Sung by Mlle. LEHMANN.
5. Violin Solo, ..... Alard.  
Executed by Mlle. CAMILLA URSO.
6. Swedish Song, ..... Lindblad.  
Sung by Mlle. LEHMANN.

#### Part II.

1. Overture to "Masaniello," ..... Auber.  
By the GERMANIA SOCIETY.
2. Casta Diva, ..... Bellini.  
Sung by Mlle. LEHMANN.
3. Piano Forte Solo, ..... Alfred Jaehl.  
Executed by ALFRED JAEHL.
4. Romanza from "Anna Bolena," ..... Donizetti.  
Sung by Mlle. LEHMANN.
5. Wedding March, from "Midsummer Night's  
Dream," ..... Mendelssohn.  
By the GERMANIA SOCIETY.

Single Tickets, 50 cents each, to be had at the Music Stores and Hotels, also at the door on the evening of the Concert.  
Doors open at 6½; Concert commences at 8 o'clock.

**SIGNOR G. C. GUIDI** respectfully informs his former pupils and the public, that he has resumed his instructions in SINGING, after the Italian school, with the intention to settle permanently in Boston. In order to accommodate those who may not wish to take private instruction, he will open classes for ladies and gentlemen, on moderate terms. None but good voices will be admitted. Terms liberal for persons intending to study for professional purposes.

Sig. G. can be consulted free upon any musical subject, daily, from 12 to 2, at Mr. Hew's Piano Manufactory, No. 365 Washington street, where terms and time for classes may be known.

Orders or notes for Sig. G. may be addressed to him at G. P. Reed & Co's Music Store, 17 Tremont Row, and at Oliver Ditson's, 115 Washington street. Feb. 5.



## Handel and Haydn Society.

### EXTRA CONCERT.

In compliance with the requests of many who were unable to obtain admission on Sunday last, the Society propose a repetition of the same Programme

On Sunday Evening, February 20, 1853,

AT THE  
**BOSTON MUSIC HALL.**

#### PART I.

**Gems from the Oratorio of the MESSIAH.**

#### PART II.

BEETHOVEN'S ORATORIO OF  
**ENGEDI:  
OR—DAVID IN THE WILDERNESS.**

#### ASSISTED BY

Miss ANNA STONE, Mrs. EMMA A. WENTWORTH, Mr.  
S. B. BALL, Mr. B. F. BAKER,  
and the

#### GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Conductor, ..... Mr. CARL BERGMANN.  
Organist and Pianist, ..... Mr. F. F. MÜLLER.

Doors open at 6½; Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.  
Tickets at 50 cents each, may be obtained on Friday and Saturday at the Music Stores of Messrs Wade, Ditson and Reed, and of the Secretary; on Sunday at the Tremont and Revere, Bromfield and United States Hotels, and at the two offices of the Hall on the evening of performance.

Subscribers having back numbers of the subscription tickets may present them at this Concert. Members their usual privilege.

J. L. FAIRBANKS, SECRETARY.

## OTTO DRESEL'S FIFTH AND LAST MUSICAL SOIRÉE.

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 2, 1853,

In Mr. JOHNSON'S MUSIC HALL, (in the New Building next south of Tremont Temple,) assisted by  
WM. SCHARFENBERG, (from New York.)  
ALFRED JAEHL,  
WILLIAM SCHULTZE.

CARL BERGMANN,  
And other Members of the GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

#### PROGRAMME.

##### PART I.

1. Trio for Piano, Violin and Cello, ..... Otto Dresel.  
Allegro Appassionato—Adagio Affettuoso—  
Scherzo—Allegro con Fuoco.  
OTTO DRESEL, WM. SCHULTZE and CARL BERGMANN.
2. Concerto for Three Pianos, with accompaniment of  
Stringed Quartet, ..... J. S. Bach.  
Allegro Maestoso—Alla Siciliana—Allegro.  
Messrs. SCHARFENBERG, JAEHL, DRESEL, SCHULTZE, MEISSEL,  
MEYER, BERGMANN, and BALCH.
3. Sonata for Piano and Violin, F major, ..... Beethoven.  
Allegro—Adagio—Scherzo—Rondo.  
OTTO DRESEL and WM. SCHULTZE.

##### PART II.

4. Piano Solos:—  
Song without Words, (No. 3, first Sonata), ..... Mendelssohn.  
Funeral March, from the first Sonata, ..... Chopin.  
Mazurka, ..... Stephen Heller.  
OTTO DRESEL.
5. Septet for Piano, Flute, Oboe, Horn, Viola, Violoncello, and Double Bass, ..... Hummel.  
Allegro Spiritoso—Scherzo—Andante con Variazioni—  
Allegro con Fuoco.  
Messrs. SCHARFENBERG, ZERBACH, MEYER, KÜSTENMACHER,  
MEISSEL, BERGMANN, and BALCH.

The Concert will begin precisely at half past seven.  
Tickets, \$1, to be had at Wade's, Reed's and Johnson's Music Stores.

### CHAMBER CONCERT.

## The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

Respectfully inform their Subscribers and the musical public of Boston, that their

### SEVENTH CONCERT

Of the Series of Eight, will take place

On Thursday Evening, March 3, 1853,  
AT THE MASONIC TEMPLE.

Posthumous Quartette in F minor, by Mendelssohn; Quartette in F, (op. 18,) No. 1, by Beethoven; Quintette by Mozart; and Schubert's "Erl King," (arranged for Quintette,) will be presented.

Tickets 50 cents each, to be obtained at the usual places. Doors open at 7 o'clock; Concert to commence at 7½ precisely.

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Feb. 26. tf

## NEW EDITION OF CARCASSI'S GUITAR BOOK.

New and Improved Method for the Guitar, by M. Carcassi. Price \$2.50.

This new edition of Carcassi's celebrated method embraces much valuable matter not contained in those previously issued. These additions are those which have been made by the distinguished author after an experience which enabled him to determine what was actually needed by the pupil for a thorough understanding of the art. The whole has been carefully translated by a well known Professor of the Guitar, and is thereby rendered as free as possible from those slight but perplexing inaccuracies which sometimes become a part of translations and reprints. A number of popular songs in each of the different keys have been appended, which together with the masterly instructions of Carcassi, and his plain yet comprehensive course of Exercises, furnish all that is desirable to both teacher and scholar.

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Feb. 26

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Apr. 10. tf

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